

"BY RIGHT OF LOVE."



Mr. CLAUDE ASKEW, part
Author of our New Serial
which begins to-day.

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Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

No. 723.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR AND MR. BOWLES FIGHTING FOR THE CITY SEAT.



Above is Mr. Balfour addressing a most enthusiastic meeting at the Corn Exchange in Mark-lane yesterday. In the photograph Mr. Balfour (marked by a cross) is seen mounted on a stall, and expressing the hope that those before him would back up the warmth of their reception by returning him to Parliament next Tuesday. Speaking

at Hamilton Hall in the Great Eastern Hotel, at Liverpool-street, yesterday, Mr. Bowles (marked by a cross) met with considerable interruption. He said, "Mr. Balfour would have to gallop to win." This photograph, printed below, will be noticed, is taken by artificial light, and is quite a remarkable reproduction.

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If you have Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, or any Blood Disease, Anæmia, Stomach Complaints, Liver or Kidney Complaints, VITÆ-ORE is meant for you. There is nothing like it in all the world. It is not a patent medicine, no man can make it. What it is and what it does is fully explained in our booklets. It is non-alcoholic, non-narcotic, non-poisonous. It is not a nerve-destroying stimulant.

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TO ERADICATE NERVOUS DEBILITY

Brain work implies an abundant use of vital energy, but unfortunately nature is not always capable of keeping pace with the excessive wear and tear. A man's will-power often submits his constitution to too great a strain; he means to get on in life and never dreams of sparing his vitality. Early and late he works on and on, until he finds himself suddenly prostrated with a nerve-blight. He cannot understand it, he thinks there is something wrong with the air, becomes irritable, moody, and, finally, a monomaniac. He has overlooked the fact that the nerves need recuperation, he has thrashed the willing horse until it has dropped from sheer exhaustion. To prevent disaster brain workers should take Coleman's Nerve Pills. They are the key to success in life, they unlock the gates of nerve-nutrition and solve the problem of how to work hard without injury to the brain.

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An EX-MAYOR writes:

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Dear Sirs,—I had been suffering for a considerable time from failing eyesight, and on consulting an oculist was informed that my left eye must be removed. You can imagine what a blow this was to me. The continual mental depression was undermining my health. I little expected, when I tried your Nerve Pills, what a wonderfully beneficial effect it would be produced. The result of my use of your Nerve Pills has been so marked, and as I intend to persevere with the remedy, I have reason to believe that I shall be spared the terrible calamity of loss of sight.

Yours obediently,
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(ex-Mayor of Regate).

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To obtain a bottle of Nerve Pills free, and
Send to J. CHAPMAN and CO., LTD., Westwick
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"Daily Mirror," Feb. 24, 1906.

Bottles 13d. and 2s. 9d., at all Chemists and Stores. If unable to obtain in trial, send 10 stamps for Small Size and 33 for Large Size direct to J. Chapman and Co., Ltd., Norwich, who will forward Free by Post. None are genuine unless J. Chapman and Co. is on Government Stamp.

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Ask your Draper for NON-FLAM

The Best Material in the World for Underwear.

FIRE-RESISTING ASEPTIC. Either when new or after innumerable washings. See testimonial below, hence the germs which propagate Disease cannot live upon it.

Less than half the cost of wool.
Made in a variety of Self Colours and Striped Patterns.
Stamped NON-FLAM on the selvedge every 5 yards.

Rather than be put off with substitutes address PATENTEES, NON-FLAM (Desk 46), MANCHESTER, who will send POST FREE a FREE SAMPLE.

Extract from letter from a Parent expressing his delight that "NON-FLAM" had saved his child:—

"Gentlemen.—Had the clothes been made of ordinary flannelette, or even of calico, they would most certainly have been burnt to a cinder. As with the Non-Flam, I might say that the clothes have been washed a great number of times, and I think this proves that washing does not destroy the fire-resisting properties of 'NON-FLAM.' Yours faithfully,

What a Coroner said at an Inquest:

"The Coroner, referring to the use of flannelette as an article of clothing, said that it seemed as great a shame to sell flannelette for people to wear as it was to sell

polo, which it was known would have a fatal effect upon those who took it. He had adduced conducted direct correspondence with the manufacturers" (of "NON-FLAM") "and had experiments made in order to discover some cloth of about equal cheapness, but free from any flammability. This kind of cloth was exposed for sale in the shops, and notification of it was placarded by the Chief Constable of the County at all Police Stations. And the result of this was that the sales of flannelette have very considerably decreased during the last eighteen months or two years, they were still, every now and then, horrified by some such occurrence as this. There appeared to be no possible remedy, unless the Legislature stepped in and declared that the stuff was not to be manufactured or sold at all."

PERSONAL.

NEWCASTLE.—Tell Ads long letter next. Love from B.

52.—Another disappointment. It's all off. Your love—

DALLING B.—Posted letter A. Read Thursday morning.—

ALWAYS.—G.—Never humbugged. Always grateful, brave "friend."

Eternally HERS.

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50 Packets Prize Flower Seeds, 1s. post.—Wm. Sutton, 962, Romford, London.

4/9 SKIRTS. Direct from Makers. New Navy, and Grey, splendid finish, good wear guaranteed. 4/9, postage 4d. extra; returns if complete satisfaction not given. Send 1s. post—

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BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKIES -

BLACK & WHITE

AND

"SPECIAL" (RED SEAL)

IN UNIVERSAL DEMAND

“SLAVERY” DEBATE ENDED.

Premier Angry at Mr. Chamberlain's Taunts.

ONLY SAID ‘TAINTED.’

Government Majority 325 Over Vote of Censure Amendment.

The Chinese labour debate in the House of Commons concluded yesterday in the following division:

For the Amendment	91
Against	416
Government majority	325

On the first vote of the session the figures were: Against the Government, 88; for, 406. Government majority, 313.

“The agitation against the employment of the Chinese in South Africa,” declared Dr. Macnamara, “was the result of a spontaneous resentment and abhorrence of the people of this country, who felt that the great name of Englishmen had been prostituted, and that the British flag, which was always floated as a latter-day covenant assuring justice and freedom, had been stained with a great wrong.”

Earl Percy, speaking from the place of the leader of the Opposition, declared that the Premier had been the chief offender in the use of the word “slavery.” Did he still believe Chinese labour was slavery?

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman hastily rose. “What does the noble lord mean by ‘still believe?’” he asked sharply.

PREMIER'S EMPHATIC DENIAL.

“Does the right hon. gentleman say,” pressed Earl Percy, “he never believed it was slavery?” “Yes,” replied the Premier, “I said it was tainted with slavery, and I repeat it. (Ministerial cheers.) I said it had many of the characteristics of slavery, and I repeat it. Beyond that I have never gone.” (Ministerial cheers.)

Earl Percy doubted very much if the same effect would have been produced in the constituencies if all the Premier's followers had confined themselves to the same language.

One of the most interesting speakers of the afternoon was Mr. John Ward, the new Labour member for Stoke-on-Trent. Tall, burly, picturesquely the hon. member has become a somewhat conspicuous figure on the Labour Benches by his large white sombrero hat.

He spoke with great moderation, using excellent English, “as one who had worked not only in Great Britain, but in other parts of the British Empire, he asserted that there was no work under the sun which the British workman could not accomplish.”

Speaking of the South African campaign, he quoted Southey:—

Now tell us all about the war
And what they fought each other for.

Mr. Chamberlain, the master of lucid utterance, subsequently paid the Labour member a great compliment. The right honourable gentleman graciously observed that nobody had so clearly put the particular point of view before the House.

THIS UNHAPPY EXPERIMENT.

Only the Front Opposition Bench remained unfilled when Mr. Asquith, amid a hurricane of Ministerial cheers, rose to speak for the Government. “Personally,” he said, “I never used the term ‘slavery’ in connection with Chinese labour, though I am profoundly opposed to the whole of this unhappy experiment. It could not be described as a free labour.”

“I have been opposed to it throughout,” continued Mr. Asquith, “and we mean to put an end to it.”

Excitement reached its highest pitch as Mr. Chamberlain rose to reply. The amendment had been fully justified. It was intended to show that the verdict of the country was obtained by false pretences.

Then Mr. Chamberlain glanced at Mr. Churchill, reclining on the Treasury Bench.

The Under-Secretary had said that to call the ordinance slavery was a terminological inexactitude.

TEN SYLLABLES TOO MANY.

“He used eleven syllables,” said Mr. Chamberlain, in scornful tones, “when one Saxon word of a single syllable would have done!”

“Lie! lie! lie!” excitedly shouted the Opposition.

“Ministers,” indignantly added Mr. Chamberlain, “allowed this charge of slavery to be made in the election without correction.”

The Government were going to take seven years to put down what had been described as the foulest tragedy in British annals. If the Transvaal

responsible Government decided to continue the ordinance, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies by some mysterious means was going to co-operate with the Dowager Empress of China! (Roars of Opposition laughter.)

“Hear! hear!” commented Willie Redmond in Irish accents. “Send her a telegram like ‘How's Mrs. Kruger?’” (Peals of Ministerial merriment.)

Mr. Chamberlain, with Sphinx-like countenance, ignored the interruption. “I have been informed,” he proceeded, “that representatives of the mining interests in the Transvaal have been told of the Government proposals and have approved of them.”

MR. CHAMBERLAIN DEMANDS INQUIRY.

“Give your authority!” shouted Ministerialists. “Yes, give it!” angrily demanded the Labour men.

Mr. Chamberlain declined.

“There is not the slightest foundation for the statement,” said the Premier, shaking with excitement.

“Withdraw! Withdraw!” howled Ministerialists.

“It was a statement,” explained Mr. Chamberlain.

“Yes,” retorted the Premier with great warmth, “and a false statement!”

“Pigott! Pigott! Pigott!” vehemently shouted the Ministerialists. “Withdraw! Withdraw! Withdraw!”

Mr. Chamberlain, comparative quiet having been restored, said he accepted the Premier's statement so far as he was concerned. He concluded by demanding a judicial inquiry.

The matter was then put to the vote. The House rose at 5.35.

Lord Kitchener's scheme for the reorganisation of the Indian Army, which, it is understood, has been accepted by the Government, was presented to Parliament in dummy form yesterday afternoon.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

A new phase has crept into political life during the last few days. It is the “tyranny of tariff reformers.”

As the *Daily Mirror* announced yesterday free trade Unionists are very wrath at the expulsion of Lord Balfour of Burleigh from the Constitutional Club because he signed a circular advising the electors to vote for the Liberal and free trade candidates in Chelsea.

The *Daily Mirror* calls attention to a notable example of the alleged “tariff tyranny.” The Carlton Club has omitted to elect to its coveted membership Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., third son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, an avowed free trader. This is noteworthy in view of the custom of the club to offer its hospitality to Unionists and Conservatives on their election to Parliament.

Younger and less-known Unionist members have already been admitted to the privileges of this exclusive home of Conservatism, but so far Lord Robert Cecil is without the pale.

TORY REORGANISATION.

A meeting of the council of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations was held at Westminster yesterday.

A circular letter, addressed to the chairmen and secretaries of all Conservative Associations in England and Wales, was agreed upon. After stating that a committee had been appointed for the purpose of reorganising the party, the letter says:

“In face of the serious defeat which the Unionist Party has just sustained at the polls, it is obvious that in order to retrieve the disaster, the defects which exist in our organisation must be remedied and the political machinery improved or renewed in all its branches. May we ask your assistance in this necessary task, for however valuable may be the control of a central authority, the real work of an election must always be done by the local organisations, which come into direct contact with the electorate. We trust, therefore, that during the interval which must unavoidably elapse before a scheme of reorganisation can be submitted to the party, you will endeavour to be prepared for any political eventuality which may occur, and will permit nothing to be done which could in any way impair the efficiency of either the registration or electioneering machinery of your constituency.”

PARLIAMENT AT A GLANCE.

The general election has so changed the face of the House of Commons that even the oldest parliamentarian finds it a matter of great difficulty to identify its various elements. The handiest guide to Westminster is that issued by the “Daily Mail,” which gives a mass of information not to be found in any year-book or almanac.

The Guide is issued at two prices—on paper, 1s. (post free, 1s. 1d.), or mounted on cloth, with brass rollers, 2s. 6d. (post free, 2s. 9d.). The latter form presents a particularly handsome appearance, and should appeal to those who desire to possess a permanent record of an historic election. The Guide consists not only of a chart graphically illustrated in colours, but also of a 16-page handbook, making an exhaustive “Who's Who” of Westminster.

Orders should be addressed either to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, E.C., or to Messrs. George Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street, E.C.

CRIME OF LOVE.

Professor's Son Shoots His Sweetheart and Himself.

In a lonely lane at Upton, near Birkenhead, there was enacted late on Thursday night a sad tragedy of love and despair.

George Bevan Emmott, a handsome and well-connected young man of twenty-two, after seriously wounding Miss Margaret Hay, an accomplished and beautiful girl, belonging to an old Cheshire family, turned his revolver upon himself with fatal effect.

Emmott was the son of Professor G. H. Emmott, of the Liverpool University, and Miss Hay is the sister of one of Liverpool's best-known medical specialists.

The young people had once been lovers, and at the time it was a matter of common remark what a strikingly handsome pair they were.

But some time ago young Emmott went away to the United States. In consequence, it is said, of a disagreement. In his absence Miss Hay engaged herself to a minister who is now living in Edinburgh.

A fortnight ago Emmott returned from America, and pleaded for an interview with his former fiancee.

A FINAL WALK.

On Thursday night they met by appointment at Birkenhead, and at Emmott's suggestion went for a “final” stroll along the lonely Upton-road to talk matters over. The young man, who was of a very passionate nature, first begged Miss Hay to accept his photograph as a memento of their past love.

He agreed not to press his suit again, but when they had proceeded some distance along the country road, Emmott said: “It is no use, Margaret, I cannot give you up. I love you more than my life. I cannot live and know you will belong to another.”

He took out a revolver, pointed it to her breast, and fired. Miss Hay, who, besides being beautiful, is a very active girl, leaped to one side, and the shot which was intended for her heart embedded itself in her right breast.

She screamed, and fell to the ground. Her beloved lover fell on his knees and cried: “Goodbye, Margaret. We shall soon meet.”

Then he stepped away a few paces, and the wounded girl heard another shot, followed by a groan. The same shot was heard by an old farmer in a solitary farmstead near by, and coming along the road, he found Miss Hay. He removed her to the house in a semi-unconscious state.

A farm hand hurried to Birkenhead and brought the ambulance, and simultaneously the old farmer proceeding along the lonely road with a lamp came across a cyclist, named Mr. Thomas, standing over the dead body of Emmott.

Miss Hay was removed to the Birkenhead Hospital, and yesterday an operation was performed, placing her out of danger. The body of young Emmott was taken to the mortuary, where it now lies.

“BLUEBEARD” HOCH HANGED.

Misceant Protests to the Last That He Poisoned

None of His Wives.

CHICAGO, Friday.—Johann Hoch, known as the Chicago “Bluebeard,” was hanged to-day for the murder of several of his wives.

He maintained his innocence to the last, saying that he had poison'd none of his wives. Many of them had died, but in all these cases their deaths were natural. He confessed to having committed bigamy.—Reuter.

Hoch, who showed the utmost bravado, obtained a sensational respite, the execution being postponed for a hour to obtain a Judge's decision as to the issue of a writ of habeas corpus, which was refused.

During the reading of the death-warrant by the side of the scaffold, Hoch's lawyer caused a fresh delay by producing a new appeal, but the sheriff, on the advice of the State Attorney, ordered the execution to proceed.—Laffan.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Prince Arthur of Connaught went duck-netting yesterday on the imperial preserves at Tokio.

Lord Selborne arrives at Maseru to-day and is to receive a grand Basuto welcome, thousands of natives having arrived in the town for the purpose.

Mr. Walter James Brickwell, for many years a member of the Hartford Corporation and Board of Guardians, died in a fit in the street at Hartford yesterday.

PARIS, Friday.—A reception committee from the Cuban Congress and the President's aide-de-camp gave a formal greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth on their arrival at Havana, says the “New York Herald.”

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Northern breezes, gusty in places; snow showers, with fine and frosty intervals.

Lighting-up time, 6.30 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate generally.

MARQUIS DETAINED AS A LUNATIC.

Lord Townshend Kept a Prisoner in His Own House.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

Lunacy Commissioners Confronted by Conflicting Medical Evidence.

The Marquis Townshend, who was married only six months ago to Miss Gladys Sutherland, has, on the petition of his father-in-law, Mr. Thomas Sutherland, been certified to be of unsound mind.

He is now detained by order of the Lunacy Commissioners in his West End residence, under the control of his young wife. The “reception order” granted by the Lunacy Commissioners was supported by certain members of the Marquis's family, but is strongly opposed by the Dowager Marchioness, who stoutly maintains that the Marquis is not insane. His own private doctor has also strongly expressed the same opinion, which is shared by many of his friends.

The most strenuous efforts have been made by the Dowager Marchioness to obtain her son's freedom, but up to the present without success.

The story of the detention of the Marquis is an extraordinary one. He was married in August of last year, and returned to England from a Continental honeymoon in October.

Towards the end of November he went to his Brighton house alone. There he remained with his private secretary and estate manager until January 26. On that date he came to town, and paid a call on his wife at Brook-street, his intention being to return to Brighton the same day.

NEVER RETURNED.

He did not do so, however, and certain of his friends, who wrote and telegraphed to him, were surprised that he did not reply to their communications.

It is alleged that the Marquis was unduly influenced by a particular friend of his, who kept him from his wife, and Dr. Savage and Dr. M. Bramwell, two well-known mental specialists, after making an examination, or examinations, declared the Marquis should remain in his wife's care, and should be kept from the gentleman who is alleged to have so strange a power over him.

On an order signed by these two doctors and by a magistrate, the Marquis was entrusted to the custody of his young wife, and has since been, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner.

On behalf of the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, Dr. Lister, the well-known West-End specialist, and Dr. Jones, resident physician of the London County Council asylum at Claybury, have twice visited the Marquis during his incarceration, and have made a careful examination of his condition. They have, as a result, reported to the Commissioners in Lunacy:—

“NOT INSANE.”

“We are of opinion that the Marquis Townshend is not insane.

“We found him (they state) between twelve noon and one p.m. on Friday, February 9, the date of our visit, alone in a darkened room in bed at the back of his house, and were taken to him by his father-in-law. The Marquis looked decidedly ill. We could elicit no hallucinations, nor any delusions. His memory, both for recent and remote events, was perfect, and there was no retardation of mental reaction to our questions. There were no suicidal or other abnormal tendencies, and in no sense could he be said to be a danger to himself or others.”

He referred to a friendship that he entertained for an acquaintance of fourteen years, standing who, he stated, had helped to save his estate from advances made upon it from other quarters, and that for this reason he felt under considerable obligation to his friend. There are indications both physical and mental that the Marquis Townshend is not of a robust constitution. He is thirty-eight years of age, but his voice and manner point to some arrest of development, and would readily account for his manifestations, which are constitutional states characterised by strong likes and dislikes, and it is for this reason that he entertains a profound admiration and regard for those to whom he believes himself to be indebted.

From our examination into the Marquis's mental condition we are firmly convinced that he should be immediately released from his present state.”

In spite of the report of these specialists, the Lunacy Commissioners have remained inactive.

If the Marquis be not released very shortly it is probable an examination in lunacy will be demanded by the members of his family.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM DENMARK.

Queen Alexandra will cross from Calais to Dover on Tuesday, the special steamer *Invicta* being due to reach Dover at four o'clock.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE MEAT MARKET.

Pays a Visit to Smithfield at
8.30 a.m.

MR. BOWLES'S FIGHT.

The fight for the City of London, between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gibson Bowles, gathers in intensity as the polling day approaches. Mr. Bowles is running the gauntlet of heckling and hooting with great good-humour and not a little ready wit.

As early as 8.30 in the morning yesterday the ex-Premier made a descent on the Central Meat Markets, Smithfield, and the picture of the right hon. gentleman, smiling and debonair, threading his way between miles of butchers' shops and surrounded every inch of the way by enthusiastic supporters in greasy blue smocks and well-oiled hair, was a happy and altogether remarkable one.

It was a triumphal progress to the accompaniment of musical honours known only to the meat market. Everywhere the bachelor statesman went excited butchers clanged meat-hooks and cleavers, filling the great hall with glad, if extraordinary, sounds.

The din was deafening, and amid the reverberations of improvised drums and an empty tin laboured with a shinbone, lusty voices bawled out: "Are we downhearted?"

"No!" was the answering shout, and Mr. Balfour looked as pleased as if he had made a great drive at golf.

Twenty-two nomination papers were handed in at the Guildhall on behalf of the ex-Premier, and amongst Mr. Bowles's twelve papers was one from the legal fraternity in the Temple.

One-Minute Speech.

Mr. Balfour gave a one-minute speech at the Corn Exchange, in Mark-lane, where an ovation awaited him.

His opponent, the ex-member for King's Lynn, was not so lucky. Indeed, Mr. Bowles had another strenuous day of stormy meetings. His principal gathering was marked by much disorder, and even when he was allowed to speak his statements were frequently challenged by the audience.

Imperturbable as usual, Mr. Bowles smiled blandly on his interrupters, and, by cheerfully sticking to his guns when most men would have lost their tempers, dealt with a formidable array of figures bearing out his contention that the prosperity of the country depended on free trade.

Much more encouraging was Mr. Bowles's reception at Clifford's Inn Hall last night. He was loudly cheered, and roar of laughter greeted the sally that Mr. Chamberlain ought to lead the Opposition because he was the man who formulated its policy, and, therefore, understood it—if anybody did.

"Why doesn't Mr. Balfour retire in my favour?" asked Mr. Bowles ingeniously. "It would be a fitting end to his career."

The Duke's "Iffs" and "Whens."

After this a vote of confidence in Mr. Bowles was carried with acclamation. Wit is appreciated in legal circles, and Mr. Bowles himself has been called to the Bar.

At the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, Mr. Balfour alluded to the Duke of Devonshire's letter. His Grace, said Mr. Balfour, had absolutely misrepresented the letter he (Mr. Balfour) wrote to Mr. Chamberlain.

He (the Duke) had given a version of it which neither common-sense, logic, nor grammar could support. The Duke of Devonshire had eliminated all "iffs" and "whens" in his letter—in fact, all the qualifications.

To-night Mr. Bowles will address a gathering at Houndsditch, and on Monday he has a big meeting at the Cannon-street Hotel, at two o'clock.

MR. BALFOUR'S HEALTH.

Mr. Balfour is not contemplating a long holiday.

To set at rest reports to the contrary, the *Daily Mirror* is informed authoritatively that he at once intends to take up his public work, provided he is returned by the City next Tuesday.

It is true that his medical advisers have counselled him to take a complete rest, but he feels that his public duty is such that personal considerations must bravely be laid aside.

A COINCIDENCE.

Mr. Winston Churchill's phrase "terminological inexactitude," has impressed Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in exactly the same way.

Speaking in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Chamberlain twisted Mr. Churchill with using eleven syllables when a Saxon monosyllable would have done. ("Cries of 'Lie'."

Mr. Balfour passed a similar criticism on the phrase in the City. The ex-Premier's words were: "A terminological inexactitude is a thing which might, with absolute accuracy, and with greater facility, be described in one word of three letters. ("Cries of 'Lie'."

BERLIN'S GALA DAYS.

Kaiser's Silver Wedding and Prince Eitel Fritz's Marriage.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—Thousands of visitors have arrived here for the Kaiser's silver wedding festivities and the wedding of Prince Eitel Fritz and the Duchess Sophie Charlotte.

The young Prince's wedding celebrations will follow very closely on the lines of those of his brother, the Crown Prince, last year.

The first function takes place on Saturday, when the Duchess Sophie Charlotte will make a state entry into the city.

On Sunday the numerous deputations which are being sent from every part of the empire to congratulate the young couple will be received. The religious marriage ceremony, at which all the members of the Royal Family will be present, will take place on the same day at the cathedral.

Monday's functions will consist of a banquet at the Schloss, followed by a gala performance at the Opera House.

The civil wedding ceremony will be gone through on Tuesday. It will be of a strictly private nature, only the nearest relatives of the bride and bridegroom being invited.

The silver wedding celebrations and festivities also take place on Tuesday, which will be kept as a fête day and general holiday throughout Germany.

£2,000 JEWELS STOLEN BY TRICK.

Traveller Robbed of His Samples by Means of a Dummy Bag.

The story how a traveller employed by Messrs. Whitehouse and Co., jewellers, of Birmingham, was robbed of £2,000 worth of samples in an Edinburgh hotel has just come to light, and a remarkable it is.

On arriving at the hotel, Mr. Buckley, the traveller, took to the proprietor a bag containing samples of diamond rings, diamond bracelets, and other articles, which was placed in the stock-room.

At night, when Mr. Buckley asked for his bag, he was given another—one the exact counterpart, outwardly, of his own. Inside, however, he found, not his costly gems but a piece of lead, an old silk hat, and a wire frame, which had been inserted to give the bag a bulky appearance.

FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

Savoy Hotel the Scene of Attractive Entertainments in Support of Most Deserving Charity.

In aid of St. Vincent's Home for Destitute Children, in Harrow-road, two excellent entertainments, organised by Mrs. Egerton Castle, were given at the Savoy Hotel yesterday.

The programme, included a one-act eighteenth century play, adapted from the French by Mrs. Egerton Castle, another play by L. Marindale, and a number of tableaux vivants representing well-known pictures.

Mr. Charles Caffer, the siffler, and Miss Helen Mar also gave their services. Two more entertainments will be given to-day, when a feature will be a fencing display arranged by Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Egerton Castle.

CHILDREN'S "BLUEBELL."

Capital Performance of Chief Parts by Juvenile Members of Mr. Hicks's Company.

"Bluebell" was charmingly played yesterday afternoon, at the Aldwych Theatre, by the juvenile members of Mr. Seymour Hicks's company.

The moving spirit was little Maggie Jarvis, a lassie of thirteen, who donned the rags of Bluebell, sang Bluebell's songs, and danced Bluebell's dances. Usually she sings in the chorus.

It was she who proposed the show, who persuaded Mr. Hicks, in a moment of weakness, to lend her his stage for the occasion; she alone recruited and stage-managed the production.

And Miss Terriss was not merely present at the performance, but applauded her audacious rival with all her might, echoed by the illiterate friends—brothers, sisters, and cousins—of the little performers, who crowded the stalls and dress circle.

Miss Winnie Hall gave an admirable imitation of Mr. Hicks in the part of Dicky. The subsidiary parts were excellently played, and the little people on both sides of the curtain had a merry afternoon.

PURSE STOLEN FROM BRIDGE-PLAYER.

While attending a bridge-whist party at the home of Mrs. Edward C. Hoyt in New York, Mrs. Edgar L. Marsten, wife of a banker, had a gold reticule and gold purse, studded with diamonds and rubies, stolen.

The servants were searched without result. It is hinted that a guest is suspected.

POST OFFICE "SERFS."

Mr. Buxton Asked To Ease the Burden of Overworked Men.

FAIR WAGES PROMISED.

Showing no sign of weariness of the endless deputations that have impeded him since he took on the duties of Postmaster-General, Mr. Sydney Buxton turned a sympathetic ear yesterday to representatives of the Trade Unions Congress.

Overwork in the Post Office, and the alleged infringement of the fair-wage clause by Government contractors, were the evils which the Postmaster-General was called upon to redress, and he promised to give his personal attention to them.

Mr. Cummings, the chairman of the committee, said they did not anticipate the same difficulty with Mr. Sydney Buxton as they had had with his predecessor, and, in effect, Mr. Buxton replied that their faith in him was justified.

Post Office workers of nearly all grades were, it was stated, in many cases working in excess of the eight-hour day rule, the cause being the indiscriminate alteration of duties by the managers of departments.

"Sweating" by the Post Office.

Mr. Daily, of the Tailors' Society, said that tailors working under the Post Office clothing contract were unable to earn anything approaching a living wage.

For a greatcoat they got only 2s. 3d., for a jacket 1s. 4d. or 1s. 2d., and for a vest with sleeves 1s. 0d. Mr. Daily gave the names of the contractors he referred to.

Under the worst sweating conditions in the East of London, 6s. or 8s. would be paid for the greatcoat.

The deputation also urged that contractors who violated the fair-wage clause should be penalised, and they desired that the committee should be informed what contractors were tendering for Government work.

Mr. Buxton replied that he had a paternal feeling in regard to the fair wages clause, because the resolution was accepted in the House of Commons on his motion, and he would now devote his personal attention to seeing it carried out.

His recognition of the right of combination would, he hoped, lead to better relations between Post Office workers and the Department. He pointed out, that, as Postmaster-General, he was the largest employer of labour in the kingdom, the number of postal servants being 180,000.

FLOGGING "NOT STOPPED."

Mr. Bernard Shaw Accuses the Government of Hypocrisy, and Says the Evil Is Worse Than Ever.

Mr. Bernard Shaw derides the Government for its "hypocritical pretence" of abolishing flogging in the Navy.

In a letter to the "Times," Mr. Shaw says: "To withdraw the birch and leave the cane is very much as if the wife-beaters of the metropolis were to offer to abandon the use of the broom-stick and confine themselves in future to the poker. The cane is a much more formidable instrument than the birch."

"The prevarications of the late Government on this subject were sufficiently trying. But at least Mr. Pretyman did not make a pretence of abolishing corporal punishment and make humanitarians speeches about it under cover of a regulation which will in all probability rather increase the severity of the flogging."

ROMANCE OF A TONTINE.

Ownership of Property Bought by Subscription a Century Ago Finally Decided.

Originated over a century ago, a "tontine" was the source of an action heard by Mr. Justice Keckewich yesterday.

About 100 years back, the Assembly Rooms at Scarborough were acquired by some important county persons, and the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Radnor, Sir Edward Hulse, and Mr. J. T. Batt were the four trustees.

The annual rent of £100 has been collected by a local firm, but since 1879 no parties to the "tontine" had attended the meetings of the committee managing the property, and no division of rents had been made.

The plaintiffs in the present action were the assignees of the owner of the last life, who died some time ago, and his Lordship agreed to the application, no opposition being offered.

"Tontines" were very popular with our grandfathers. Each participant paid in so much, and the last survivor was entitled to the "pool."

Under the presidency of the Earl of Pembroke the Baronetage Committee met for the first time yesterday at the Home Office, and it was decided to adopt means to suppress spurious baronetages.

LADY'S CLEVER SNAPSHOTS

Cheltenham Amateur's Success in the "Daily Mirror" Competition.

The amateur photograph published on page 1 of the *Daily Mirror* to-day was taken on Thursday by Miss E. Murray, a clever Cheltenham lady, whose snapshot of a girls' hockey match, published on Monday, was the first accepted by us in connection with the competition, which we hope will make all the amateur photographers in the kingdom regular contributors to our pages.

During the week we have published eleven photographs, for the use of each of which we have paid a fee of half a guinea. Now it is our readers' turn. We ask them to cut out the coupon published below— together with the others published in the *Daily Mirror* during the week—and vote for the snapshot they think most deserving of the weekly prize of £2 2s. Coupons should reach us not later than Tuesday morning.

The eleven photographs published this week are as follows:

1. Ladies' Hockey match at Cheltenham.
2. Darts at Cheltenham shooting deck sports.
3. Miss Alice Roosevelt at Cheltenham.
4. Moors beggar opening his mouth for pennies.
5. Lightning flash during a storm at Bournemouth.
6. Girl swimming at the beach at Somer Beach.
7. Royal Engineers at the gun in the leaking balloon.
8. Teignmouth lifeboatmen capsizing the lifeboat.
9. The smallest house in Great Britain.
10. Captain Koenig and Mr. E. Belson winning a Badminton handicap at Cheltenham.

For the guidance of intending competitors we publishing the following instructions:

D.M. PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

I vote for the photograph numbered considering it the best amateur photograph published in the "Daily Mirror" during the week ending, Feb. 24, 1906

Voter's Name

Address

No negatives should be sent. Only prints will be considered.

Each photograph should bear upon the back the competitor's name and address and the word "Competition," and be enclosed in an envelope marked "Photograph Competition."

A stamp of one penny additional envelope must be sent with each photograph as the sender desires it to be returned, but in no case will the Editor be responsible for the loss of photographs.

In order to simplify our system of book-keeping we shall only pay the money on the application of the photographer, who must cut his picture out of the *Daily Mirror*, and send it in with his request for payment.

MORE TROOPS CALLED OUT IN NATAL.

Inhabitants of a District in Laager for Five Days Fearing Native Attack.

DURBAN, Friday.—Orders have been given for a battery of the Field Artillery, a force of Mounted Rifles, and two companies of the Durban Light Infantry, numbering 500 in all, to mobilise and set out to-morrow for Stanger.

In order to support the authority of the magistrates in the various districts, the Government decided to call out the Umhlanga Mounted Rifles and a detachment of the Natal Mounted Rifles, in addition to the unit under command.

The force under Colonel Mackenzie arrived at Ixopo on Wednesday, and the chief Umskofeli visited the colonel by request.

The situation has been considerably strained, 500 of the inhabitants having been in laager for five days, owing chiefly to the interception of a messenger from Umskofeli and two other chiefs to a loyal chief asking for assistance in an attack upon this place. The advance of the troops has quieted the disaffected natives.—Reuter.

SHRINKING TRADE UNIONS.

Unemployment Drains Funds and Reduces Membership at the Same Time.

The army of unemployed is causing a great drain on the funds of the labour unions.

According to the report of the Board of Trade just issued, the amount of money paid by 100 principal unions only to members out of work in 1904 amounted to £647,722.

Lack of work, moreover, is driving men from the labour union ranks. At the end of 1901 the total membership was 1,940,874—the highest number recorded—but in the 1,148 unions in existence at the end of 1904 there were only 1,866,755 members—a decrease of 74,119, or 3.8 per cent.

SCORES OF CATTLE BURNED ALIVE.

Ninety-eight bullocks, valued at £1,500, and thirty pigs, were killed by fire on the Duke of Leinster, bound from Dublin to Manchester.

BOGUS BARONESS'S LIFE OF FRAUD.

Married to a "Baron" Who Lectured in Hyde Park.

A NATURAL ACTRESS.

If the success of swindlers is any criterion, the average tradesman of Regent-street and Oxford-street must be a very bad judge of character. The police courts are continually affording examples of how, by the use of pretentious names and a little brazen impudence, the guileless shopkeeper is deluded by people destitute of position or education.

The latest example is the daughter of a cab-washer, who, posing as a Baroness, actually persuaded the managers of large firms that she was a person of substance and high social position.

—Adelaide Moore, the little grey-haired woman who was yesterday sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at Clerkenwell Sessions for obtaining money by false pretences, seems to have been an exceptionally good actress.

She found people singularly credulous, and her history is another striking instance of the fascination social dignity has for the ordinary run of people.

For the prosecution Mr. Hutton informed the jury that, although the woman had no money whatever, she gave extensive orders for goods to tradesmen in the West End.

Cerise Sash "By Order."

She gave the name of Miss Cashel, and said she was a lady of means and lady-in-waiting to a German princess, who had instructed her to wear a cerise sash and a silver ornament. She had posed as "Baroness Mount Cashel."

She told her ladyship that she was lady-in-waiting to Princess Bismarck, that she had been twice married, to a banker and a clergyman, and was then a widow. She "expected" a cheque for £150, but was never seen in possession of one, perhaps.

The accused elected to give evidence. She said that last October she met Princess Eleanor, the divorced wife of the Earl of Crawford, now in Aylesbury. That lady had £27,000 deposited as alimony in Coutts's Bank.

She had been proclaimed in Berlin as Princess Eleanor of Saxe-Luxemburg, on the borders of Poland. The Princess had promised her £200 and an appointment worth £300 a year, but in the meantime she was turned out of her lodgings.

Wife of "Baron Mount Cashel."

The accused added that she was a woman of talents, and could earn £5 5s. for musical recitals any night she liked to go into the homes of society people. Her husband was "Baron Mount Cashel," and she had a perfect right to call herself so.

The lady's version did not produce the same impression on the jury as upon the tradesmen, and she was found guilty.

Detective-inspector Dew said that in 1885 the accused was sentenced to eighteen months as Mme. St. Aubyn; in 1893, three years' penal servitude; in 1899, twelve months' hard labour; and in 1903, three years' penal servitude as "Lady Ponsonby Moore." She was released in October last, and had 330 days to serve on a ticket-of-leave. Inspector Dew said, although the prisoner used high-sounding titles for the purposes of fraud, her father was a cab-washer.

Mr. Hutton: And what in regard to the Baron, her husband?

Inspector Dew: He used to stand up in Hyde Park and lecture, and go round with the hat afterwards. He was an Irish-American, and told me that prisoner married him under false pretences.

In passing sentence, Mr. McConnell, K.C., remarked: "Your ticket-of-leave is in the hands of the Home Secretary."

LADY'S MISSING JEWELS.

Attache's Wife Fails To Recover Their Value from Paris Hotel Proprietors.

Mrs. Morgan, wife of the naval attaché to the British Embassy at Paris, failed yesterday in her action in the King's Bench Division against the proprietors of the Hotel Bedford, Paris.

She claimed £270, the value of jewellery stolen from her bedroom in the hotel in July.

It was contended, on behalf of the plaintiff, that by the law of France defendants were liable for the loss, and evidence to this effect was given by a French advocate.

The jury, however, did not take this view, and sided with the hotel authorities.

PARCELS OF TAPESTRY SOLD FOR £4,725.

After the bidding had commenced at £100, four parcels of old Burgundian tapestry were sold at Christie's yesterday for £4,725. A Louis XVI. octagonal gold snuff-box realised £730, and a Louis XVI. clock 950 guineas.

TRACKING THE OIL KING.

Adventures of Official Who Tried To Subpoena Mr. Rockefeller.

No one outside of his own immediate circle has known for months where Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, has been staying. But the secret has leaked out, the Standard Oil Company magnate, according to a cablegram, having been living at his home in New Jersey, and making flying visits to his New York office.

Mr. Rockefeller was keeping out of the way of officials who were trying to serve a subpoena upon him to appear as witness in a case involving the great oil trust.

A court official tells a graphic story of the difficulties he experienced in attempting to serve a subpoena.

"I had information," he said, "that Mr. Rockefeller was in his country house in the Poconos Hills. I went there. It is in a beautiful park, several miles in extent, containing a full-sized golf course and many fine drives.

"I reached the front door, rang, and asked for Mr. Rockefeller. A stalwart butler, 6 ft. in height, eyed me critically. 'Mr. Rockefeller isn't here,' he said fiercely.

For two or three days the baffled official wandered around the estate.

"At length," he went on, "Mr. Rockefeller came out from the house and went to the golf links. When there were only two or three around him I made a dash for it, the money I must give him (10s.) and the writ in my hand."

"I thought I had got him. But he saw me when I was about ten yards away. 'What is that?' he cried in an alarmed voice, and immediately started to run for a cottage 100 yards away. Those around him for a minute or two barred my path. With a mad rush I went after Mr. Rockefeller, who reached the cottage, entered it, and banged the door.

"Then two burly men with heavy sticks appeared, and I was hounded out of the place."

TRAMWAY-CARS IN JERUSALEM.

Sacred City May Be Lighted by Electricity and Mount of Olives Invaded by Trolley-Cars.

Trolley lines are to invade the Holy Land.

The Sultan, yielding after a long fight against the introduction of public electric lighting or telephones into European or Asiatic Turkey, has granted a concession for electric lighting in Jerusalem, and for lines of trolley-cars through the city, and from it to Bethlehem, Bethany, and probably to Jericho.

Sentiment apart, the introduction of electric lighting into the dark and narrow streets of Jerusalem will add to the convenience and safety of strangers. But it will be difficult for many to reconcile themselves to the thought that the line to Bethany will cross the Mount of Olives.

"SENTIMENTAL SONGS" DEFINED.

Mr. Plowden Expresses Himself Greatly Edified by a Whimsical Distinction.

Charged with begging at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, Henry Joal, an elderly gardener, pleaded that he was only singing a sentimental song.

Mr. Plowden: What do you call a sentimental song? Why, a song where you don't sing the chorus over twice.

I see. And what do you call it when you do sing the chorus over twice? Oh, that's a comic. I must remind you to have your career as a vocalist initiated into.

REFORMERS' TREE" MYSTERY.

Unknown Suicide Who Desired To Leave Legacies to Those Who Had Been Kind to Him.

The life story of a middle-aged gentleman, found shot dead near the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park, will probably never be known.

A letter he had written is the only clue to his identity, and that is very brief. It indicates that he had lived "a fairly happy life," but that lately he had "existed on his capital."

He was, added, desirous of leaving legacies to those who had been kind to him, and his greatest sorrow had been to observe the sufferings of women and children.

SIGNIFICANT FAREWELL MESSAGE.

On the body of a wharfman named Fry, found drowned in the Serpentine, was a card, on which was written his name and address. At home Fry had left a note saying: "Everything for Emmie and Louie. Harry, my gold guard is for you."

LONGER-LIVED TEETOTALERS.

According to tables compiled by the Abstainers' and General Insurance Company, teetotalers have a great superiority in life prospects over the general body of insured persons.

MAJOR-GREENGROCER.

Lawsuit Over Military Man's Plunge Into Business.

UNPROFITABLE SHOP.

By revelations in King's Bench Court III, yesterday a new interest is added to shopping in the suburbs.

The greengrocer who bids one a courteous "good morning" when one orders "a nice, firm, white cauliflower" may be a retired major of the Royal Garrison Regiment. When one tells an apparent tradesman that the potatoes he supplied last week did not cook as "floury" as one could wish the object of the reproach may be a gentleman who lately held the King's commission.

These potentialities were made manifest when Mr. Tindall Atkinson, K.C., announced to an astonished Court that his client, the proprietor of two greengrocery shops situated in Clapham and Croydon, was no less a personage than Major Cecil Charles Cavendish, late of the Royal Garrison Regiment.

Under military control the businesses taken over from Mr. George Pleytout, a retired officer of the mercantile marine, did not immediately prosper. In fact, there is alleged to have been such a discrepancy between the profits as represented and as actually coming in, that the gallant major has sued the ex-sailor for damages for misrepresentation.

LOSS Instead of a Profit.

It was in the early part of 1905 that Major Cavendish became a greengrocer. On the understanding, he says, that a shop in Clapham made a profit of £300 a year, and another in Croydon a profit of £400, he purchased the combination for £1,200.

To his dismay the first week's trading at Clapham resulted in no profit at all. There was a loss of £10.

Worse was to follow. After having sold cabbages, etc., for a period that ought, according to promise, to have brought in a clear gain of £326 at his Clapham shop, the major found himself £125 out of pocket.

Matters at Croydon were little better.

These matters the major spoke of sorrowfully in the witness-box, rather as a greengrocer than as a retired officer, for his costume had a business-like look about it. His only ornaments were brass buttons on his waistcoat.

Martial Law Not Responsible.

He was careful to assure the Court that martial law could not be regarded as responsible for the "slump" in takings, for he had not removed the subordinates who had made the business a presumptive success before.

Yet he had taken a personal interest in the trading. He had gone down himself to take over the stock. He had searched the customers' ledger for "book debts," and he had sent out a man to tour Clapham in a cart in search of fresh customers.

When the incomings proved so disappointing he had tried to interview Mr. Pleytout, but that gentleman purported to be in Panama.

The major presented a request to Mrs. Pleytout that he might be allowed to inspect trading books not yet perused, and the lady cabled to her husband.

From Panama Mr. Pleytout wrote:—

Dear Major.—Your request has made my wife excited, and she sends me costly telegrams, which I shall have to pay for.

The major's counsel, before the case was adjourned, had a strange suggestion to offer with regard to Panama and Lima, where Mr. Pleytout had also purported to be. It was to the effect that the latter had not been recently across the Atlantic at all, but had been residing at Teddington.

KINGSWAY TUBO-CARS RUN TO-DAY.

Long-Postponed Four-Minute Service Begins After Preliminary Trip by Officials.

After many postponements the L.C.C. Kingsway tube tramway service will be opened to-day.

Six cars will leave Aldwych at eleven o'clock with a party of officials, and make the journey to the Angel via the subway in Kingsway, Southampton-row, Theobalds-road, and Rosebery-avenue. An hour later the service will be opened to the public.

The fare will be 1d. for the whole distance, or from the Angel to Holborn and 1d. from Holborn Town Hall to Aldwych. At first a four-minute service will be maintained, but this will be doubled later. The distance will be covered in about fifteen minutes.

The work was commenced in March, 1903, and has been carried out at a cost of £279,000, including £70,000 for the acquisition of lands.

PERIL OF A NEW DRUG.

Rector Dies Under Influence of Recently-Introduced Anaesthetic.

The propriety of the use of what is regarded as a new anaesthetic—ether of chloride—was a question which came before Mr. John Troubeck at an inquest held at Westminster yesterday.

The coroner was inquiring into the death of the Rev. William Henry Eley, rector of Deene, Northamptonshire.

Mr. Eley, said Dr. Warburton Browne, of Charles-street, Mayfair, went to his consulting-room on Tuesday afternoon by appointment to have four teeth extracted. Mr. Eley was warned against having lunch, as he was to be placed under an anaesthetic.

Mr. Eley went under its influence in about a minute. Three teeth were extracted, and then it was noticed that he had become feeble. Artificial means were resorted to but without effect, and death subsequently took place.

The Coroner: Is this a new anaesthetic?—I have used it for about three or four years.

What was the reason for selecting it?—Mr. Eley had to have four teeth extracted, and it was given in order that the period of anaesthesia might be sufficiently long.

What are the dangers, if any, of this new anaesthetic?—I was unaware that there were any dangers.

What are the methods in which you have to be careful in its use?—Of course, one has to know what one is doing, and not to give an overdose. Witness added that he had seen the anaesthetic given in about 200 cases.

The Coroner (to Dr. Brown, of Bartholomew-road, Kentish Town): Have you ever known any case of heart failure from this anaesthetic?—No. This is the first within my experience; or that, I think, I have read of.

Does this case alter your opinion about this anaesthetic—that it does not possess such safe qualities as were supposed?—Yes.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, and expressed the opinion that all due precautions had been taken in administering the anaesthetic.

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO MR. BECK.

Ordered by the High Court To Pay a Debt Which He Has Already Liquidated.

Mr. Adolf Beck, well known in connection with the mistaken identity case, had the sympathy, but not the judgment, of Mr. Justice Bigham, in the King's Bench Division, yesterday.

The trustee, Mr. T. Woodthorpe, of the affairs of Mr. E. Williams, who is now a bankrupt, and was formerly Mr. Beck's solicitor, sued Mr. Beck for the sum of £220 1s. 8d., due to the bankrupt's estate.

Mr. Beck had paid this money to the bankrupt, when he ought to have paid it to the trustee.

The Judge, in giving his decision, said that he understood Mr. Beck's position. Still, this did not alter the fact that the money was due to the trustee, and there must be an order for the full amount against Mr. Beck.

The Judge added that it seemed to be the case that Mr. Beck had paid the wrong person, and so would be paying the money twice over.

VETO ON ABSINTHE-DRINKING.

British Export Whisky Trade Expects To Be Unaffected by Belgian Decision.

Belgium, after a long crusade against absinthe-drinking, has finally prohibited the sale, importation, or consumption of the liquor.

In England there seems to be an inherent dislike to "the little green devil." One request for absinthe in a week is an unusual event in most London bars and buffets, the only place outside of the restaurants which cater for foreigners where there seems to be a fair demand being the American bar of the Hotel Cecil.

The leading whisky manufacturers anticipate no greater demand in Belgium because of the veto on absinthe. "The Belgians are almost as great whisky-drinkers as the English," the manager of a large exporting firm told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

GREAT DEMAND FOR THE

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

THE CRIME OF CHEAPNESS.

THE answers given in the House of Commons have cleared the War Office of any complicity in the crime of employing women to "finish" Volunteers' trousers at 1d. an hour. It appears that Volunteer battalions contract for their own uniforms. Is this to be the end of the matter, though? Are we not to know who did sanction the shameful sweating which the case of Mrs. Thorowgood brought to light?

This poor woman, sixty-one years old, applied to the Lambeth Guardians for relief. They inquired into her circumstances; found that she was hard-working and respectable; found that she earned at trouser-finishing between 3s. and 5s. a week, out of which she paid 2s. 6d. for rent of one small room; found that sometimes she only had 6d. a week left for all the necessities of life.

The Volunteers put up in their drill-halls the Latin motto which means "Sweet and fitting it is to give one's life for one's country." They seem to put it into practice vicariously. Old Mrs. Thorowgood was giving her life (for living on sixpence a week is merely a slow and painful form of dying) for her country—in order that it might get Volunteers' trousers cheap!

Such a story makes one impatient of the existence of Volunteers. They exist for the defence of the country. Is a country worth defending which is so incredibly mean and brutal as to prefer cheap trousers to women's happiness and well-being?

We talk loftily about the Empire and our Imperial mission. An Empire depending upon the hunger of old women? An Imperial mission to make the 1d. an hour rate of wages universal? Bah!

The man who built his house upon the sand has become proverbial for a fool. The man who should expect to grow fair flowers in rank and poisonous soil would have his sanity inquired into. Are we any better than lunatics and fools to expect noble results from a system which has its roots in the starvation of women, the wretchedness and degradation of hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures?

There is talk about protecting by law such helpless victims as Mrs. Thorowgood of our devilish, pitiless, buy-in-the-cheapest-market cant. That is always the cry nowadays. "Can't Parliament do something?" Parliament cannot change our hard hearts, and it is only a change of hearts that will ever do away with this hideous oppression of the weak and miserable.

"Oh," you say, "but public opinion does condemn sweating." Does it? How? By turning up its eyes and snivelling when tragedies like that of Mrs. Thorowgood are brought to light! Oh! We can snivel with the best.

Did any one of the Volunteers who wore those trousers, stitched with the thread of a woman's life, ever think to inquire where or by whom they were made? Did it ever occur to the Colonel (or whoever gave the order) to find out whether the contractors had human hearts or blocks of granite in their bosoms? Never.

Heartless of the Volunteers, wasn't it? Yet we are no whit better ourselves. Do the women who hunt bargains stop to ask how they can buy blouses so cheap? Do they know the makers of these blouses are only paid 5d. a dozen?

There is scarcely any article of dress worn by the well-to-do which is not stained with the blood of the poor. Cheapness is our god. There is no torture we would not inflict to save a few shillings. To defend our country we put on trousers finished at 1d. an hour!

It is not against a foreign foe that Mrs. Thorowgood and her like need to be defended. It is against greed and thoughtlessness and cynical cruelty at home. H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It seems sent for our instruction, as we sat in the cages of birds when we would teach them singing.—Jean Paul.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Ancients, and especially Plato—whom Dr. Emil Reich is making very fashionable just now by lecturing about him at Claridge's—used to be fond of wondering how a Republic would be governed if its ruler were a philosopher. When Marcus Aurelius became Emperor of Rome, long afterwards, the world had a chance of judging. Philosophy is not often connected with statesmanship nowadays—fortunately, perhaps, with a people who could boast that their ruler was a philanthropist and a physician would no doubt be even happier than one ruled by a stoic. Such a people are the Bavarians, near Tegernsee; such a ruler is Duke Carl Theodor, brother-in-law of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Duke Theodor is looked up to with a veneration which is almost worship in all that part of Bavaria. He is an expert oculist, and has just performed his 5,000th operation for cataract in a hospital near Munich. He takes no fees, save from the rich. He has turned his house at Tegernsee into an eye hospital, and there the Duke's wife and his three daughters—the Princesses Sophie, Elizabeth, and Gabriele—superintend the nursing of the patients. So here, for once, we see a philanthropist in action, who gives up everything to the task of doing good.

It is said that the Duke has saved the eyesight of hundreds of poor people. But he helps the rich

education, but breathing the electric air of Wall-street. He began, scarcely more than thirty years ago, as a clerk in a broker's office.

Since that beginning he has made a name and many fortunes. On the whole, the most dramatic episode in this course of success took place in 1893, during the currency famine of that year. Many rich men, at that moment, were unable to cash their current payments. A number of New York bankers held a secret meeting in the house of the late Fred Tappan, one of the best-known amongst them, to discuss the crisis. It was the middle of August. Tappan, like all other sensible (and wealthy) men was out of town. But he came up for the meeting.

The bankers met in his darkened house. The shutters were not taken down, the blinds not raised, in case the news of the meeting should get about, and the reporters be sent to investigate. After the discussion was over Tappan sat alone in the house and looked about for something to eat. He found an old bun and some melted milk, and was eating this when he heard a ring at the bell. Who could it be on this broiling August afternoon?

It was Harriman. He was horribly pale and shabby; his eyes were rimmed with red. It appeared that he had not slept for seventy-two hours, and he said: "I am desperate. I am perfectly

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

ALIENS ON BRITISH SHIPS.

I have lately seen many cases where respectable British seamen of all nationalities have had to stand back to make place for aliens.

In one case the chief officer of a British ship went to the Shipping Federation offices in Dock-street to pick up a crew, and, facing some two score of good, able-bodied Britishers, he put this most humiliating question: "Are there any Danes here?"

Finding there were none to be got, he took his go farther afield. Where he got them, I cannot tell, but I know the Englishmen had to stand back whilst the foreigners signed articles.

Leaderhall-street, E.C. C. D. D.

FARM-LABOURERS' WAGES.

I know a good deal about farm labourers, and I can assure you they do not drink anything like as much as working men in towns. They have not got the money.

In Bucks head-ploughmen get 15s. to 16s. a week, and carters 13s. They make a little more at times by extra work, but not much. A youth of seventeen would not get more than 8s. And rents are dearer than they were.

"Thames Valley" says he paid 35s. to a man last summer. Did not the man agree to cut so much corn for 35s. And did not he have sons and daughters to help him? ROYAL BUCKS.

"CONCENTRATION OF MIND" TEACHING.

Having made a thorough study of this subject, I am convinced that it would be of great value to those now being prepared for the fight in life to be taught the science of concentrating their minds.

It would help the rising generation to understand that before they can succeed they must bring all their energy to bear upon that which they have chosen for their occupation or profession, and not merely give it a slight thought. I am well aware that this science will not turn fools into wise beings, but it will help to do so. W. HARRADENCE.

Great Yarmouth.

ARE CLERKS WANTED IN CANADA?

I have a son aged seventeen who wishes to go to Canada next April. He is well educated in commercial subjects, knows French well (a little German), shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, etc.

Would he experience any difficulty in getting a situation with a good firm in Montreal? Are references or letters of introduction necessary? What would be the cost of living and what would a youth of his age earn? ANXIOUS.

Thurleigh-road, Balham, S.W.

WEEK-ENDS.

No. I.—The Neighbourhood of Brighton.

If we could annihilate space, the ideal week-end for this wintry weather would be spent in scorched Africa, or in some sunny town where one could sit watching coloured men and women moving in the streets. As space still exists (in spite of the philosophers), and time is short, and trains are slow, you must be content with Brighton.

With Brighton, because there is a convenient train from Victoria this morning at nine, not because it is sufficiently unlike London to be an ideal week-end place. The town itself is to be used to sleep in, and must be left as soon as you reach it.

You reach it at about half-past ten, and leave it in this way. Go from the station, past the house-fronts, and that regrettable building, the Pavilion, with its Cockney mimicry of the East, to the gardens of the Old Steyne, where there are several tram-cars waiting. Take one of these to the end of its course, which is the beginning of the South Downs and of your week-end.

Then get out and walk—first over a denuded country, by pigsties, vague cabbage-strewn gardens, and a racecourse; soon, with all that behind, over soft turf, with a wind made of the sea and the brown earth in your face. We are going to Lewes. There is no noise here but a distant bleating of sheep, and the humming of the telegraph wires that go with us over the lonely down parts of the way.

It seems very far from London. At Lewes there is an old inn, where you may lunch. Does anything ever happen in the quiet street there? Has anything ever happened since the coaches stopped?

After lunch you must take the train or walk back to the house-fronts and the crowd. But perhaps you may enjoy the windy solitudes so much that you may determine to stay forever amongst them, like a new Scholastic Gipsy, and "come to London and your friends no more."

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 23.—When the weather is favourable, the soil must be prepared for the reception of seeds. It must be well manured, and made as fine as possible.

The seeds of the hardiest annuals can be sown any time now, but it is pure waste of labour to put them into wet and heavy ground so early in the season.

Then we must not forget the lovely gladioli. These bulbs can be planted next month and onwards, but let it be in rich and well-dug beds, for they cannot be expected to produce fine spikes of bloom if grown carelessly.

E. F. T.



BEFORE THE ELECTION.

I could not under any circumstances be a party to slavery in any form.—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on July 31, 1905.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

Chinese labour cannot, in the opinion of his Majesty's Government, be classified as slavery.—Mr. Winston Churchill, on February 22, 1906.

and the powerful also. The Kaiser, some six or seven years ago, was cruising on the Hohenzollern in the North Sea, when a swinging rope chanced to strike him in the eye, and temporarily blinded him. Of course, a great fuss was made, and the Empress was telegraphed for from Tegernsee, where she happened to be staying. She hurried to Kiel, where the Emperor was, taking Duke Theodor with her, who cured his injured eye at once, and returned, as unostentatiously as he had come, to his hospital-home by the Bavarian lake.

It is interesting to hear that Mr. Edward Harriman, the American "railroad king," who controls the Central and Southern Pacific lines, is about to launch upon another gigantic scheme—a system of docks, and warehouses for loading and unloading in connection with one of his railways. Harriman is now one of the biggest men in America for this particular branch of money-making. Whatever may be said against millionaires—and Miss Tarbell and Mr. Lawson are there to say a good deal against them—it cannot be denied that their histories are usually interesting, and read like the chapters of a good romance.

Harriman is no exception to the rule. He was born poor, his father being only a minister in New Jersey. But, from a business point of view, this may have been an advantage, since he spent his youth not over the refined dalliance usually called

solvent; I have ample securities—but no bank will lend me a cent on them; and if I can't get some cash to-morrow I shall be ruined." Tappan calmed the visitor down, gave him a glass of wine, told him about the meeting, of what had been devised as a way out of the trouble, and ended by suggesting that he should go home and "get to bed." Harriman went, slept for ten hours, and woke to find, as his friend had said, that the crisis in the money market was over.

When Sir Charles Wyndham fulfils his promise to inaugurate the recommencement of regular theatrical performances at the Crystal Palace on Monday, the 26th inst., he will find himself on familiar ground. In the early 'seventies, during the period when "Brighton" was pursuing its successful career of a year at the Court Theatre, Sir Charles took over the entire management of the dramatic entertainment at this historic "Glass House." He is to reappear there in "Captain Drew on Leave" at the matinée on the 26th inst.

On Monday M. Gaston Mayer presents us that charming actress, Mlle. Leonie Yahne, in "Monsieur le Directeur," and M. Galipaux returns to us (succès oblige!) to take up the part he created in the first production of the play at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. "Le Directeur" will be remembered, is the original from which "The Chiffi Widow" was taken.

WHERE the LABOUR MPS LIVE.



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At one time members of Parliament all lived in the West End districts, and the light from the Clock Tower, notifying when the House was sitting, was shown only in that direction. Now, with the advent of the Labour Party, nearly as many members live in the suburbs as in the hotels and chambers of Westminster and St. James's. Above are photographs of the residences of some of the Labour leaders, with their portraits inset. (1) Mr. John Burns, 108, Lavender-hill, S.W. ; (2) Mr. Keir Hardie, 14, Nevill's-court, Fetter-lane, E.C. ; (3) Mr. R. Bell, 72, Acton-st., W.C. ; (4) Mr. Will Crooks, 81, Gough-st., Poplar ; (5) Mr. J. H. Wilson, West India Dock-rd., E. ; and (6) Mr. G. N. Barnes, 110, Peckham-rd., S.E. 1

DAY NURSERY FOR INFANTS.



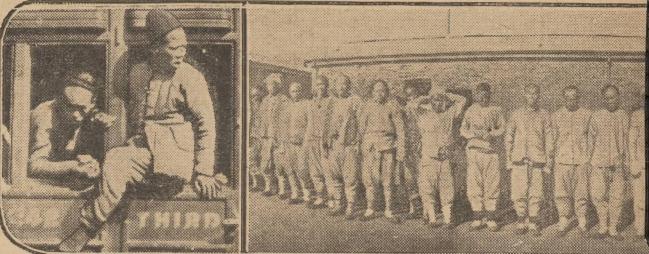
Working women mothers at Battersea can now leave their infants at Grant-road Nursery, Battersea, while they are at work instead of shutting them up at home uncared for. Above is a nurse receiving a baby from its mother.

THE WORLD



It was stated yesterday in New York that Mr. E. T. Polden, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been avoiding the suit brought by Missouri

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL SAYS THE CHINESE



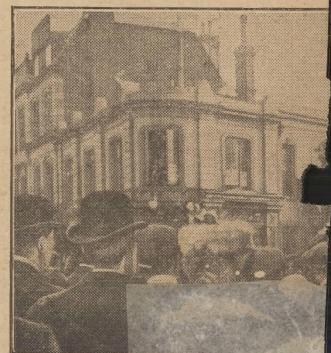
Above are seen Chinese coolies arriving by train at Johannesburg ; a group at the East Rand waiting for rations to be served out ; and some of the Chinese at meals. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, stated in the House of Com-

REJECTED BY THE CARLTON



Lord Robert Cecil is the only Conservative member who has not been elected to the Carlton Club.

MR. E. T. POLDEN NOT



Speaking at Aldershot with his son, Mr. E. T. Polden, the Liberal candidate for brickbats at Basildon.

CHEST MAN
DING.OLD AND NEW
CANAL BARGES.

Thornycroft gas barge (in foreground) passing a horse-drawn barge on the Shropshire Union Canal. Leaving Brentford at the beginning of the year, this gas barge has travelled throughout England, a distance of 570 miles, to test the capabilities of this new method of traction.

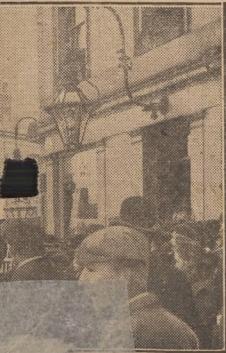
Rockefeller, who has been "missing" at Lakewood, New Jersey, where a writ of habeas corpus was issued against him in the suit against the Standard Oil Trust.

RAND ARE NOT IN A STATE OF SLAVERY.



that although the Chinese cannot be said to be held in a state of slavery in the country, the thought their presence there was undesirable, and the Government would further arrivals.

BY BRICKBATS.



Photograph, Mr. E. ... had been injured in his constituency.

SUICIDE OF A BRIDEGROOM



Prince Pignatelli, who shot himself while his bride awaited him at the mayor's office, Naples.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.



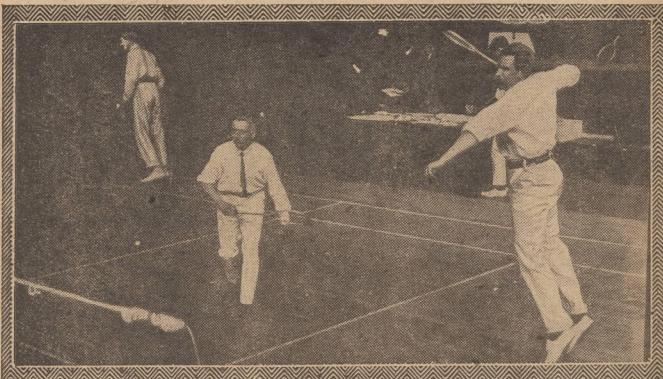
Hoprend (on the left) and Dividend Deferred (on the right), winner and runner-up respectively of the Waterloo Cup yesterday at Altcar. The result was foretold in the *Daily Mirror* by "Ajax" in his admirable articles on coursing.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Jean Lake, daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Lake, barrister-at-law, of Hanover-terrace, Kensington, married to-day to Mr. Bertram W. Elles, of the Federated Malay States Civil Service, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, W.

No. 11.—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.



Amateur photographers are invited to send interesting news photographs to the *Daily Mirror*. For each one used 10s. 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 2s. prize will be awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by our readers to be the best. A voting coupon is to be found on page 4, No. 11, sent by Miss G. Murray, Holmanis, Wellington-square, Cheltenham, shows Captain Kerr (stooping) and Mr. F. C. Belson (on tip-toe) winning the doubles at the Cheltenham Badminton Tournament on Thursday.

NEW SERIAL
STORY
Begins To-day.

By Right of Love

CHAPTER I.

"Like Brutus—Ambitious."

"We are asked to meet the Berkshires next week. They are to stay at the Riddells, it appears, for a couple of nights, just from Saturday to Monday."

Lady Susan Chester glanced up from her writing-table as her husband entered the room, and addressed him over her shoulder. She was a young and exceedingly pretty woman, with a quantity of fair, soft hair, clear, bright, blue eyes, and a charming voice.

"That's good," exclaimed Paul Chester; and the man's whole face lit up with a satisfied smile. "That's exceedingly good. Of course, you will write and accept, Susan."

He was a tall, dominant-looking young man of about thirty, with keen, clear-cut features, and dark hair. His eyes were piercingly bright, hawk's eyes, and his chin stuck out prominently. He was quite good looking, and there was something in the face which set Paul Chester apart from his fellows, an expression of invincible determination and iron resolve. He was unnaturally pale for a man who spent most of his time in the open air, and was the owner of miles of soil; his was more the type bred in cities than in fields.

"We have friends coming here ourselves next Saturday," said Lady Susan in calm, cold tones; but a faint flush of colour rose to her cheeks.

"Put them off—put the whole party off," commanded her husband. "Don't you realise the extreme importance of this visit? You know perfectly well that, if a man is to get on in politics nowadays, he must stand in with the Berkshires. Why, her influence—" He paused and did not finish the sentence, startled for the second by the look of intense contempt which had come into his wife's eyes, transforming a merely pretty woman into a creature he failed to understand.

"Yes, we all know what the Duchess is. How she can set a man up and take a man down," said Lady Susan smiling frostily. Then she raised her head and looked her husband straight in the face. "If I were a man," she said, "a clever and ambitious man, a man with all the world in front of me, I wouldn't be helped on by anyone. I'd just help myself."

"Nonsense, nonsense," interrupted Chester with a shrug of his shoulders. "People don't get on by themselves. They have to be helped on. Influence means everything nowadays, and you know what the Duchess can do." He stroked his clean-shaven face, a trick of his when excited over anything. "Her husband will be Prime Minister before the year's out—that's pretty certain, and then," he laughed, "well, we all know who manages Berkshire. If ever one wants an example of a man who has been made by his wife, one has only to point at the Duke."

"And such a wife!" exclaimed Lady Susan, as she turned her flashing eyes upon her husband. "Henrietta is a wicked woman, an unprincipled Delilah. She robs men of their secrets by breaking their hearts. I don't say she is untrue to her husband—she is too coldblooded, too sublimely selfish—but she tricks men all the same of everything she can get from them, and gives them nothing in exchange—nothing!"

"Say what you like about the Duchess," retorted Paul Chester coolly. "Women, I know, have a way of running her down, but she plays a prominent part in the history of our time, and has been the mainstay of her husband. Posterity will remember her as a great woman."

"Very well," said Lady Susan, and shut her lips with some determination. "I must write an acceptance to the Riddells, and put off our other friends. I hope we shan't be called off hunters when the truth comes out."

"When a man is going to stand for his county," Chester retorted, "he has to do a great many things which he wouldn't do at other times. But the end justifies the means." He put his hand upon his wife's shoulder. "You think me a snob, Susan," he went on, in a voice that was wonderfully quiet and measured. "It is quite true, I am a snob; son of a snob, and the grandson of a factory hand—but Brutus has ambitions. I intend to be something more than the mere rich man whom the county families patronise. I am going to be great—one day."

"His grip on her shoulder grew tighter, heavier. "I am nobody now, a rich nobody, merely the master of Amphlett Court, but wait awhile—wait!"

"Yes," she sighed, a strange expression coming over her face. "But Paul, do make your own fortune—don't owe it to a woman."

He shook his head, then pushed her gently away from him. "Write to Mrs. Riddell at once, Susan," was all he said.

She made no further protest, and her face went back to its impulsive calm again. A second later her gold pen was scratching across a sheet of pale mauve paper. She had a jerky, scratchy way of writing.

Paul Chester settled himself down comfortably in a big chintz-covered armchair, and fixed his eyes upon his wife, the slim, gracious creature who obeyed him so implicitly, and whose loyalty and honour he could always rely on. There was the width of the whole world between himself and Lady Susan. They had lived the life of civil strangers for the last three years—ever since their honeymoon, in fact.

Yet of their friends, no one guessed, no one suspected this. They were quoted as a model couple and praised for their perfect manners to each other.

"Do I still feel better towards Susan, or have I merely become indifferent—wrapped up in greater interests—bigger dreams?"

That was the question Chester asked himself as he stared at the girl he had adored with all a young man's passion during the brief days of their engagement—the wife he had worshipped up to the fatal moment when he had discovered a face he had never before suspected, that Lady Susan had married him simply and solely for his money, married him because she was the eldest daughter of a large family of sisters, and knew her duty to her family.

The truth had come out by accident, by means of a letter which Chester had come upon during the first weeks of their honeymoon. It was a letter Lady Susan had written to her favourite sister, and then carelessly left half-finished in the blotting-book.

Chester remembered the casual way he had strolled across the room and opened the blotting-book, and had read, without wishing to, certain lines of Lady Susan's open letter, lines impossible to forgive or to forget.

"Don't let father frighten you into marrying a man for money as he frightened me, for I tell you my position is inexcusable. Every kiss is a degradation. I feel burnt up with shame—a creature bought and sold."

He read no more, but turned the letter deliberately on to the unwritten side and closed the blotting-book. From that hour she was not troubled again with his kisses.

The warm relationship of husband and wife ceased to exist between the couple, yet no separation passed on either side. They drifted into the new order of things quietly.

He bent his brows now as her pen went scratching on over the mauve paper, and his thoughts flew back to other days—to the days long before his marriage, and he felt, as he had often felt, that fate, destiny, or Providence, had not been over kind to him. For all his wealth he was not a happy man. Had he not missed life's greatest thing—Love?

He remembered his youth, his miserable childhood. He was the offspring of a second marriage, for his father, a big Nottingham manufacturer, had taken for his second wife a mill-hand, a pretty, helpless slip of a girl, whom Luke Chester brought home to his big Nottingham mansion.

Poor, pretty Annie! It was doubtful if her marriage to her rich master contributed very much to her happiness; anyway, if it did, her time of enjoyment was brief, for, before she had been married a year, the girl had drawn her last breath, and a baby's cry had once more rung through the large over-decorated Nottingham mansion.

All this was before Luke Chester had made a big corner in cotton, retired from active business, and bought Amphlett Court, one of the largest places in Sussex.

His father hated Paul. For one thing the child had cost the life of pretty yellow-haired Annie; and, for another, to the day of the old man's death he regretted his rash second marriage. And so it came to pass that Paul was treated as a sort of Ishmael, detested by his half-brothers, made of no account in his father's house, regarded as a blot on the family escutcheon, the aggravating witness to a big scandal.

He was sent to a cheap school, not to Eton as his brothers had been, and bundled out of England at the age of nineteen to Florida to break his heart amidst the oranges and lemon trees, for the boy had his own dreams of greatness, and yearned for a political career. He loathed the sight of the fruit trees, to this day the smell of an orange made him feel sick.

Paul was no fool. He knew that, having been made a partner in the orange farm, he must stick to his work—at least for a time—for no man can succeed without money. Later on, ah! later on.

He was wonderfully and incredibly patient, and then quite suddenly came deliverance—deliverance, dramatic and immediate.

Old Luke Chester, at the ripe age of seventy, might have known better than to trust himself in a motor-car, driven by his son, heavy, uncouth George. The other son was there, too, Robert, whose tastes were extravagant, not to say vicious,

It was not by any means the first motor-car drive the trio had taken together, but it chanced to be the last. There was a grand smash up at the end of a steep hill, and the total extinction—or so the county fancied—of the house of Chester. But the good gossips were wrong. There was another Chester who was to make his appearance in Sussex and take possession of Amphlett Court—a son of whom they had not even heard.

"So we haven't seen the end of the money-bags lot, yet," a blustering young square remarked on the day Paul Chester appeared for the first time in the hunting fields, where everybody cold-shouldered him. He was an outsider, and made to realise this by his neighbours; by all, that is to say, except the bankrupt Lord Amphlett, who, having sold his house and lands to Paul's father, now saw fit to try and sell his eldest daughter to the son.

He had introduced Paul to Lady Susan before the whole field, and made much of the young man himself, and from that hour things worked on towards the inevitable end.

In three months' time Lord Amphlett had captured a rich son-in-law, and Paul had taken a wife.

"There, the letter's finished," said Lady Susan, as she folded her note, put it in an envelope, and handed it to her husband. "I doubt if much good will come of this visit to the Riddells," she added, slowly. "Still, you wish to go, so of course we are going."

"You are a very obedient wife," he said, mockingly, for a sudden desire had come upon him to sting this quiet woman—this woman he had once loved so dearly and so madly.

"I try to do my duty," she answered. Her voice had all at once become as cold as ice; her blue eyes glittered. "You see I recognise our marriage to be a curious partnership of interests," she went on slowly. "You married me because I happened to—well, because you thought my family connections would help you. And I—well, of course, a woman wants money, and you are a rich man; but I think we both realise the fact that we must pull together for our mutual well-being." Her lips trembled a little, and her breast heaved slightly under the loose folds of her silk wrapper.

Paul Chester did not notice these signs of agitation. He had turned on his heel and was walking towards the door. He paused with his hand on the knob, his head turned from her.

"You have a clear and concise way of expressing yourself, Susan—but my God—what a farce our life is—what a farce!"

The words burst from him suddenly and unexpectedly; then he laughed bitterly and opened the door.

"Paul!" She stretched out her hands as she pronounced his name, but it was doubtful whether he heard her faint cry, for he walked quietly out of the room, closing it carefully behind him.

She sprang from her chair. Her face had grown very pale, her mouth was trembling pitifully; then she suddenly flung herself down on a small chintz-covered sofa and buried her head amidst a pile of cushions.

"I love him," she muttered, trembling convulsively, "I love him—and he hates me."

CHAPTER II.

The Woman and the Dog.

Paul Chester walked briskly down the white high road. It was a habit of his always to take a long solitary walk when he had anything of great consequence to think of. Brisk exercise cleared his brain.

He was keenly excited at the prospect of the visit he and his wife were to pay the Riddells next week; for he had a curious and indefinable feeling that a good deal would come of it. Besides, anyway, it was an extraordinary piece of good fortune to be invited to join a house-party which would include the Duke and Duchess of Berkshire, for the Duchess was known to have a prejudice against meeting the mere rich man, and, as yet, Chester had done nothing to prove his mettle. True, he was to stand as one of the county members in the interest of the Duke's party at the next election, but that did not mean much.

On the way he had an open cheque-book could have done the same; and who was to know of the dreams and ambitions which surged in Chester's mind? As he walked along the road, lightly powdered with the dust of October, he heard the sharp yapping of a dog, miserable yaps, as of some poor, spent little creature.

"Some brute's whipping a dog," he commented, quickening his pace, for he wanted to gain a turn of the road and see what was happening ahead. He was passionately fond of animals; it was one of his good traits.

As he turned round the bend of the road he started with pure amazement at the scene in front, and drew a deep breath.

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

A small motor-car was drawn up alongside the hedge, and a woman stood beside the car whipping a small toy schipperke with all her might; sharp, merciless blows.

"What a devil of a woman," thought Chester; "but what a beautiful woman!"

He caught his breath as he drew closer, for he was a man who had a curious appreciation of the beautiful, and he had never in all his life come across such a woman as the tall, imperious-looking creature who mercilessly whipped the whimpering lap-dog—such a woman of flame and passion.

She was tall, almost as tall as himself, and slender for her height. He particularly noticed the curious slimness of her figure, and the copper-brown hair, and shining amber eyes, strange eyes full of a red fire.

She was evidently driving the car herself, for there was no sign of a chauffeur or any other occupant. The car was a white one. He noticed all this in a flash even as the little dog went on piteously barking under her shower of blows.

"She'll kill the poor little brute if you go on like that," he commented to himself, then ran forward and laid an authoritative hand upon the woman's arm.

"Stop," he cried imperatively, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? You'll kill the poor little brute if you go on like this. Has the dog bitten you or anything?"

The woman stared at Chester in blank astonishment.

"How dare you speak to me? What possible business is it yours?" she demanded. "The dog is mine—mine to do what I like with—to kill if I choose." She had a curious voice full of deep, rich notes, and for all her rage a certain seductiveness ran through it, a drowsy sweetness.

"The dog may be yours," remarked Chester. "But, all the same, if you think I am going to allow you to go on thrashing it, you are wrong. Put the animal down at once." He squared his shoulders and stared the woman steadily in the eyes, unmappedly come into her face and the sinister and menacing way she looked at him.

"Do you know who I am?" she exclaimed.

"I neither know nor care who you are," retorted Chester, "except that you happen to be rather a disgrace to your sex."

"How dare you!" She raised her voice. She looked magnificently in her wrath and her fury. "Oh, you shall suffer for this, you shall suffer." She went on quickly. "You don't know me, but I will find out who you are—you who have dared to insult a woman, to insult me!"

A sob broke in her throat, and her eyes filled with scalding tears, tears of pure rage.

"You nearly killed him," observed Chester bluntly. His blood was boiling; he could have shaken the tall, beautiful woman.

"I will kill him, too." The woman raised her hand. Her expression was a terrible one at the moment, full of blind passion. "Racket is mine," she muttered, "and no one on earth shall defy me."

"You—you devil!" The words broke from Chester's dry lips; then, before the woman's hand could descend upon her unfortunate dog, he had snatched the beautiful piece of cruelty.

She reeled back against the hedge, and for a second appeared too utterly dumbfounded and amazed to speak.

Chester hardly noticed her. He was too occupied in soothings the whimpering little schipperke, who snuggled up to him as though for comfort and protection. The man noticed the limp way in which one of the paws hung, also the red stains on the animal's fur. He was curiously touched when a small pink tongue came out, and he felt when his hands being gratefully licked.

"Give me back my dog—at once, do you hear, at once!" She advanced as she spoke, her hands extended.

Chester shook his head. "Racket goes with me," he said, "to have his paw bandaged; your whip is rather a heavy one." He pointed as he spoke to a broken whip which lay by the side of the ditch, and laughed.

Colour flushed back into the woman's cheeks, dyeing them crimson. "This is absolute nonsense," she protested. "The dog belongs to me. Give him back at once—at once, I say, or I shall have you arrested for stealing him."

Chester laughed. "I might reply, madam," he said coolly, "that you stand just as good a chance of being arrested for gross cruelty to an animal."

She clenched her hands and came close up.

"One dog shivered as she drew near, and shrank closer to his new-found protector.

"I am pretty strong—for a woman!" Her eyes glittered and gleamed.

"Possibly; but you see a man's strength—"

"You wretch—you wretch—but you shall suffer!" she cried.

He laughed at her threats; she was so furious with him. An unknown woman in white, a woman driving a white motor-car down a long white road, a woman he would never see again.

"I am dangerous when I hate." She into her motor-car and began adjusting streaming veil; then she glanced at his shoulder.

"You'll be sorry for this—one day."

By Alice & Claude Askew,

Authors of "The Shulamite," "Anna of the Plains," "Jennifer Pontefracte," etc., etc.

slowly and deliberately, fixing her amber eyes upon him.

He nodded cheerfully. How could this woman harm him—how could she?

She started the motor-car, and a second later it was on its way down the road—a flash of white light—carrying the woman from him—the white woman.

CHAPTER III.

The Advent of Henrietta.

"It is utterly hopeless, I suppose, to expect the Duchess to be punctual."

Laura Riddell bent her brows as she whispered into Lady Susan Chester's ear. The two women were friends of long standing; indeed, it was only because she was so fond of Lady Susan that Mrs. Riddell had asked the Chester to the smartest house-party she was giving that year, for she was not interested in Paul, and she hated his plebeian origin; still, she knew how much he deserved to meet the Duke and Duchess of Berkshire, so she had asked him for his wife's sake, though she detested his old father and cut his brothers.

"It's late," returned Lady Susan, "nearly half-past eight."

She glanced at a clock on the mantelpiece as she spoke, then swept her eyes round the crowded drawing-room of Oakleigh Court. The whole of the smart crowd seemed to be talking at once, and the hum of voices was deafening; but anxious eyes watched the door, for most of the guests were hungry and wanted their dinner badly; also they disliked awaiting the Duchess of Berkshire's pleasure.

Lady Susan noticed her husband; He was standing by himself, taken little heed of by the other guests, who were all people of great social consequence and had never heard of plain Paul Chester. Everybody appeared to know everybody else and to have heaps of interests in common. Everyone except Chester; he was out of the whole thing, and nobody spoke to him, nobody bothered about him. He might have been a chair or a footstool.

"Does he mind it, I wonder," his wife thought to herself, feeling an odd rush of sympathy. "I knew this would happen."

She bit her lip, bitterly mortified on Paul's account, little realising that he was far too intelli-

gent in the men and women around him to mind being forgotten and ignored.

He felt that it was a wonderful thing for such a one as himself to be in the same room as the Colonial Secretary, and that it was something to have been presented to the Russian Ambassador. The Bishop of Chelsea was talking within a yard of him; also the brilliant and audacious Miss Gladys Hamilton—the smartest and most-talented girl in England—laughed at his side.

He was not amazed, because no one troubled about him. Why should they? he asked himself. He must wait; everything worth having must be waited for.

"Ah, at last!" Laura Riddell drew a deep breath of relief, as she heard the sound of footsteps outside the door, then she glanced across the room at her husband, who stood by the fire-place, listening to the slow, pompous excuses that the Duke kept on making for his wife, for the Duke had appeared long ago—sleepy and indolent as ever—yet a man whom it was not safe to offend.

"Henrietta's coming now," she announced in clear tones. "Coming at last."

The whole room started and smiled, then turned to watch the door—Chester amongst the rest. What to his surprise he found his heart was beating very quickly.

She came into the room, laughing in her own inimitable way, making a thousand excuses for keeping everyone waiting for their dinner—blaming her maid, herself, pleading a headache, a dozen headaches.

She was dressed in white, and her neck was covered with a lace scarf—her beautiful; pulsing neck—a scarf which she plucked off with a smile and hung on her arm. Her hair was waved to each side of her brow, soft marvellous hair. She looked like a lovely wicked child, yet the world knew her to be past thirty. She wore no jewels except two big emerald earrings.

"Forgiven? Am I forgiven by everyone?"

She came boldly into the room.

Paul Chester flushed to his forehead, for he had recognised this woman in a flash, recognised her with a sinking of heart and stirring of soul to be the woman with the white motor-car—the woman who had promised him that he should suffer at her hands. He knew now she could fulfil her words.

As she passed him she looked him hard in the eyes. "Haven't we met before?" She smiled as she spoke, her smile was inscrutable, baffling.

(To be continued.)

THE BROKEN LAW.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At Last.

In a bright, sunny room that faced the sea a nurse sat by the bedside of her patient and read to him out of a small volume of poems.

The man who lay on his bed of sickness was so worn and wasted that body and soul seemed to cling together by a thread, which might snap at any moment. But, as a matter of fact, the crisis of the illness was past, and Sir Richard Gaunt was on the slow road to recovery.

"Read that verse to me again, Alice," he said feebly, as she turned her eyes away from the book and looked out of the window at the sea.

She read it to him again. Then she gave the patient his medicine. A few minutes later he fell asleep, and she bussed herself about various little duties in the sick-room.

The maid entered with a card, and directly Alice saw the name she gave a glance at her patient and ran downstairs into the sitting-room.

"Oh, Lady Betty," she cried, "I'm so glad you've come, so very glad!"

Lady Betty took hold of the girl's hands, looked at her pale face, and then kissed her on the cheek.

"You want fresh air, Alice," she said, gently. "You must go out now. I will look after your patient for a little while. How is he getting on?"

"He's about the same, Lady Betty," the girl answered gravely. "He seems to take no interest in the future. He talks incessantly of the past, of his sins, of his failure. The doctor says that unless he wants to live, tries to live—"

"Yes, yes, Alice," said Betty interrupted, in a low voice. "You told me that in your letter. It was that which brought me down here. Has he got us off to see me?"

"No, Lady Betty. He often talks about you, and I have suggested, as you told me, that you should come. The other day he asked me to put a photograph of you on the table, where he could see it."

Lady Betty Drake smiled and went upstairs to the sitting-room.

Half an hour later Sir Richard Gaunt opened his eyes and turned to the wall, and he lay by his bedside.

"I want you to send me once. I have been unwell so much to thank her for."

"I am here. I am so much better. I have come down

on purpose to see you. But you mustn't excite yourself, or I shall go away at once. Alice is very strict."

"Why have you come?" he muttered. "But, oh, I am so glad to see you. You have been so kind to me. But for you I should have been in the workhouse."

"No," she answered firmly, "it was your brother who had you brought here, and who has paid for everything. But we won't talk of that, Dick. I've come to cheer you up. We all want you to get well."

"Why should I get well?" he murmured. "What have I to live for? I am no use. I cannot even earn my living."

"Nonsense, Dick. I shall get angry if you talk in this ridiculous strain. There's lots to be done in the world. There's such a lot of good both you and I can do—in the way."

"Show me the way, Betty," he cried. "I am helpless."

"There is my own work," she said. "I want help, Dick, I want you to marry me."

"It is impossible," he replied slowly. Then he turned and looked at her and saw the love in her eyes, and tried to lift her hand to his lips.

"Dearest," he cried, "it is impossible. I am penniless, broken in health, an outcast."

"You will get strong and well," she replied, "and we are both poor. My work requires all my money. We could live the life you have preached about, just as two poor people. We could be an example of your teaching to all the world."

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed eagerly, "if we could only do that, if I could only show that I have not quite failed, if—oh, no, Betty. Why do you tempt me with these dreams? It is cruel of you, dearest."

"Dick," she said firmly, "it is only because you are weak and ill, because I am the stronger of the two, that I have shamed myself by playing a man's part. Now, I will leave you—"

"No, no," he cried, stretching out his thin hands towards her. "Do not leave me, Betty."

For answer she took him in her arms and kissed him.

"I will try and get well for your sake, dearest," she muttered, "for your sweet sake."

"No, Dick," she replied gravely, "not for my sake, but because there is so much good work to be done in the world—so much quiet, practical help that you and I can give to our fellow-men."

THE END.

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WOMEN WHO DELIBERATELY DRIFT INTO MIDDLE AGE.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

HOW TO COMBAT THE APPROACH OF AGE.

"The one thing that grieves me in Englishwomen is to see so many of them deliberately let themselves grow middle-aged," remarked Mme. Templar one afternoon, when she and Mrs. Templar were seated together in the boudoir. "So many of them begin to grow fat at forty, and acquire what you call the middle-aged spread."

"And yet Englishwomen keep the freshness of youth longer than women of any other nation," said Mrs. Templar, taking up the cudgels in defence of her own countrywomen. "Where will you find such fine, soft complexions as those of Englishwomen, even in their old age? Many of our old ladies are really comes in pink and white."

"Agreed," said Mme. Dupin. "But you must admit that I am right in many instances. The

to the hair, and is not only harmless but furnishes nutrition."

"And what exercises would you prescribe for her figure?" asked Mrs. Templar.

"I should not begin with any violent ones. Once a day she should stand before her looking-glass, loosely garbed, and alternately contract and expand the diaphragm, either with or without the regular breathing exercises."

"Yes, that assists materially to reduce the waistline," agreed Mrs. Templar, "and I think might be followed by the simple one of walking the length of the room on the toes, with the arms outstretched towards the ceiling, and the hands clasped together."

"Of course, I should prescribe plenty of fresh air and a simple diet which would exclude all fattening food and alcohol," said Mme. Dupin.

"Mrs. Browne complains that she has a tendency to a red nose," said Mrs. Templar. "What would you prescribe for this?"

"As you know, everything depends on the cause; but if it is not brought about by indigestion your friend might apply the following lotion every night. Mix one drachm of powdered sul-

Mr. Cox's Communication

Important Statement from Canonbury.

Mr. S. Cox, whose portrait is published in this column to-day, has sent a communication, which we publish, because it contains important facts relating to the public health.

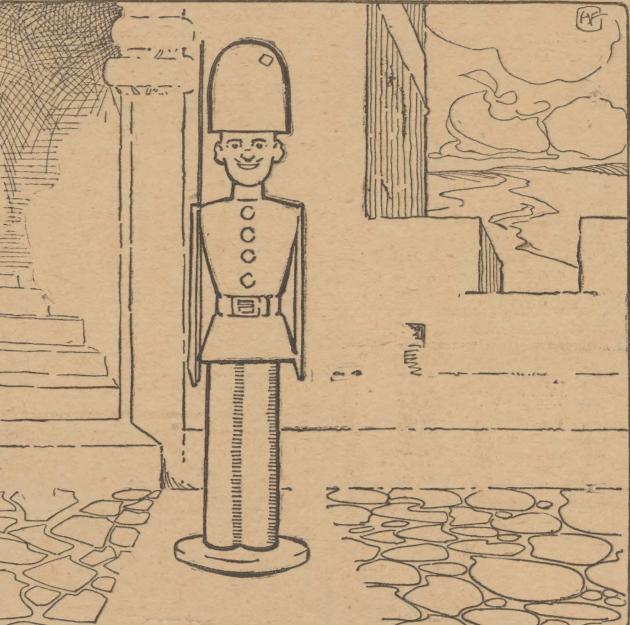
It appears that Mr. Cox suffered for a long period from acute indigestion and a very sluggish liver. These ailments were attended by nausea, headache, a feeling of weariness, and languor. A friend who knew of his condition presented him with a box of Iron-Ox Tablets. This remedy cured him so thoroughly and so quickly that he writes his grateful thanks, and furnishes details of his cure which are bound to be of interest and value to every one of our readers who is afflicted with indigestion, biliousness, constipation, or sluggish liver.

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A friend of mine presented me with a box of your tablets a few weeks ago, as he knew I was suffering with acute indigestion and a very sluggish liver. After taking some of them I felt greatly relieved, and would not now be without them under any consideration. I used to awake in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, quite unable to eat any breakfast, and always with a headache, but thanks to your Iron-Ox Tablets I can eat a good meal at breakfast-time and enjoy it. The usual morning headache and languidness have quite left me. I have tried many other medicines, but none have given relief like Iron-Ox Tablets.

(Signed) S. COX.

These are facts which you would do well to consider carefully. In these days of hurly-burly rush and bustle indigestion attacks an enormous per-



Above you see a wooden soldier standing sentry outside some great magnate's castle. It forms the subject of the next competition for children, reference to which will be found in the letterpress on this page.

friend to whom you introduced me this afternoon—the lady with the dry, wrinkled face and streaked hair—how old is she?"

"Mrs. Browne is thirty-five," replied Mrs. Templar. "When she was twenty-five she was considered a beauty."

"And even now she retains her regular features," said Mme. Dupin. "But she is badly corseted, has grown round-shouldered, and her complexion—oh, la, la!"

"If you took her in hand, how would you begin?" asked Mrs. Templar.

"Every night she should massage her face in almond oil. Then she should use a steam vapouriser, and, after that, apply a lotion made of elderflower water and simple tincture of benzoin, which any chemist will compound for her."

"Yes, that would improve her skin," said Mrs. Templar. "A friend of mine has really taken ten years from her age by carefully following these simple directions."

"Then I should try to restore her hair to its original colour," resumed Mme. Dupin. "If she objects to dyes, I should advise her to brush it every day with a pomade, made by melting four ounces of white wax in nine ounces of olive oil, and, stirring in when melted, two ounces of burned cork in powder. This gives a lustrous black shade

phur, two and a half drachms of powdered starch, one and a half ounce zinc oxide ointment, and three drops of oil of roses. This is to be applied at bedtime to the nose."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HOW TO WIN PRIZES FOR TO-DAY'S PICTURE.

To-day's picture is not a cut-out one, but an amusing drawing that is to be coloured in water-colours or in chalks. There is nothing like having a change, and that is why the cutting-out picture has been discarded this week for the one that may be seen on this page.

Four prizes—one of 5s, and three of half a crown—are offered for the best four pictures sent in. Competitors should forward their contributions addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Wednesday morning, February 28.

Prize judgments and honourable mentions due to-day will be announced in a forthcoming *Daily Mirror*. Our artist has unavoidably been obliged to ask us to wait a little for his decision.

centage of the population. Indeed, it is not too much to say that nearly all the men and women one knows suffer in a greater or less degree from some form of indigestion or biliousness. How often we hear women complaining of headaches. How often our business acquaintances tell us that their digestions are bad or that their livers are sluggish. Now, the experience of Mr. Cox proves beyond question that Iron-Ox Tablets can cure indigestion, sluggish liver, headaches, and all similar complaints. As he says himself, he tried many medicines, but not one really helped and cured him until he took Iron-Ox Tablets.

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MR. S. COX.

"What do they know of England who only England know?"

NARROWNESS of outlook is responsible for the majority of life's failures. Thousands of people jog on through life without any apparent wish to know more of the world than is represented by the little corner in which they live, and so they continue ignorant and do not obtain much success. The same attitude is observed in regard to knowledge generally—that knowledge which comes from reading books, which gives a man power and confidence, and equips him for getting on in the world. If he only reads in one particular line—one class of books—he will never have the wider book-knowledge which is necessary for achieving things.

You may be familiar with all the features of the locality in which you live, its hills and dales and rivers; you may know all the streets and public buildings and shops of a town; but this limited knowledge will not be of much service to you away from the place itself. You cannot know what other places are like, or other people. The analogy holds good in regard to books. If you limit yourself to fiction, you will know little of history; if you restrict yourself to history, you will know little about poetry or fiction; and if you confine yourself to poetry, you cannot hope to know much about the real prose of real life.

Sectional knowledge of any kind means narrowness of view, and to be narrow is to be circumscribed in thought and action. What a man ought to aspire to in the way of book-knowledge is a general book-knowledge, covering all subjects and all countries. To gain such a knowledge as this is one of the worthiest ambitions to which a man can devote himself. It is educational, yet it is delightful; it is elevating, yet it is diverting. The man who has his mind well stored with a sound general book-knowledge is fitted for any society, for any enterprise, any work, or indeed for any pleasure. Such a knowledge is the surest of all foundations for a successful career.

The man who would profit by books—and books if rightly used are the greatest profit-yielders in the world, both from a mental and material point of view—must first of all aim at acquainting himself with literature as a whole. He must master the geography of it, know what it comprises, and familiarise himself with all that is best in it. After such a grounding as that he can pursue any course his inclination may lean to, and, a thousand to one, he will come out "on the top."

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